

THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR - BY PETER B. KYNE

Read This Gripping Story by the Author of
"The Kindred of the Dust." Then
See It In Motion Pictures.

THE STORY THUS FAR.

The story opens on the Rancho Palomar, an extensive tract in Southern California. It is the estate of the Farrel, an ancient California family dating back to the days of the Spanish conquistadores, and enlivened with a dash of Irish.

Old Don Miguel Farrel, alone on the heavily mortgaged rancho with only his last faithful retainer, Pablo Arleau, and the latter's expansive wife, receives a telegram from the War Department at Washington announcing the death in battle in Siberia of his only son, "Don Mike."

This great story has been created into a wonderful photoplay by Cosmopolitan Productions, direction of Frank Borzage, and featuring Forrest Stanley and Marjorie Daw. It is a Paramount picture.

"Well, sergeant, I dare say that duties—all but the... He glanced at his watch. "Fall in the battery and call the roll. By that time, I will have organized my farewell speech to the men. Hope I can deliver it without making a fool of myself."

"Very well, sir." "The first sergeant stepped out of the orderly-room and blew three long blasts on his whistle—his signal to the battery to "fall in." The men came out of the demobilization-shacks with alacrity and formed within a minute; without command, they "dressed" to the right and straightened the line. Farrel stepped to the right of it, glanced down the long row of silent, eager men, and commended.

"Front!" Nearly 200 heads described a quarter circle.

Farrel stepped lightly down the long front to the geometrical center of the formation, made a right-face, walked six paces, executed an about-face, and announced complacently:

"Well, I've barked at you for eighteen months—and finally you made it snappy. On the last day of your service, you manage to fall in within the time-limit and dress the line perfectly. I congratulate you." Covert grim

greeted his retainer sally. He continued: "I'm going to say good-by to those of you who think there are worse tops in the service than I. To those who did not take kindly to my methods, I have no apologies to offer. I gave everybody a square deal, and for the information of some half-dozen Hot-spurs who have vowed to give me the beating of my life the day we should be demobilized, I take pleasure in announcing that I will be the first man to be discharged, that there is a nice clear space between these two demobilization shacks and the ground is not too hard, that there will be no guards to interfere, and if any man with the right to call himself 'Mike' desires to air his grievance, he can make his engagement now, and I shall be at his service at a hour stipulated. Does any body make me an offer?" He stood there, balanced nicely on the balls of his feet, cool, alert, glancing interestedly up and down the battery front. "What?" he bawled. "Nobody bids? Well, I'm glad of that. I part friends with everybody. Call rolls!"

The section chiefs called the rolls of their sections and reported them present. Farrel stepped to the door of the orderly-room.

"The men are waiting for the captain," he reported.

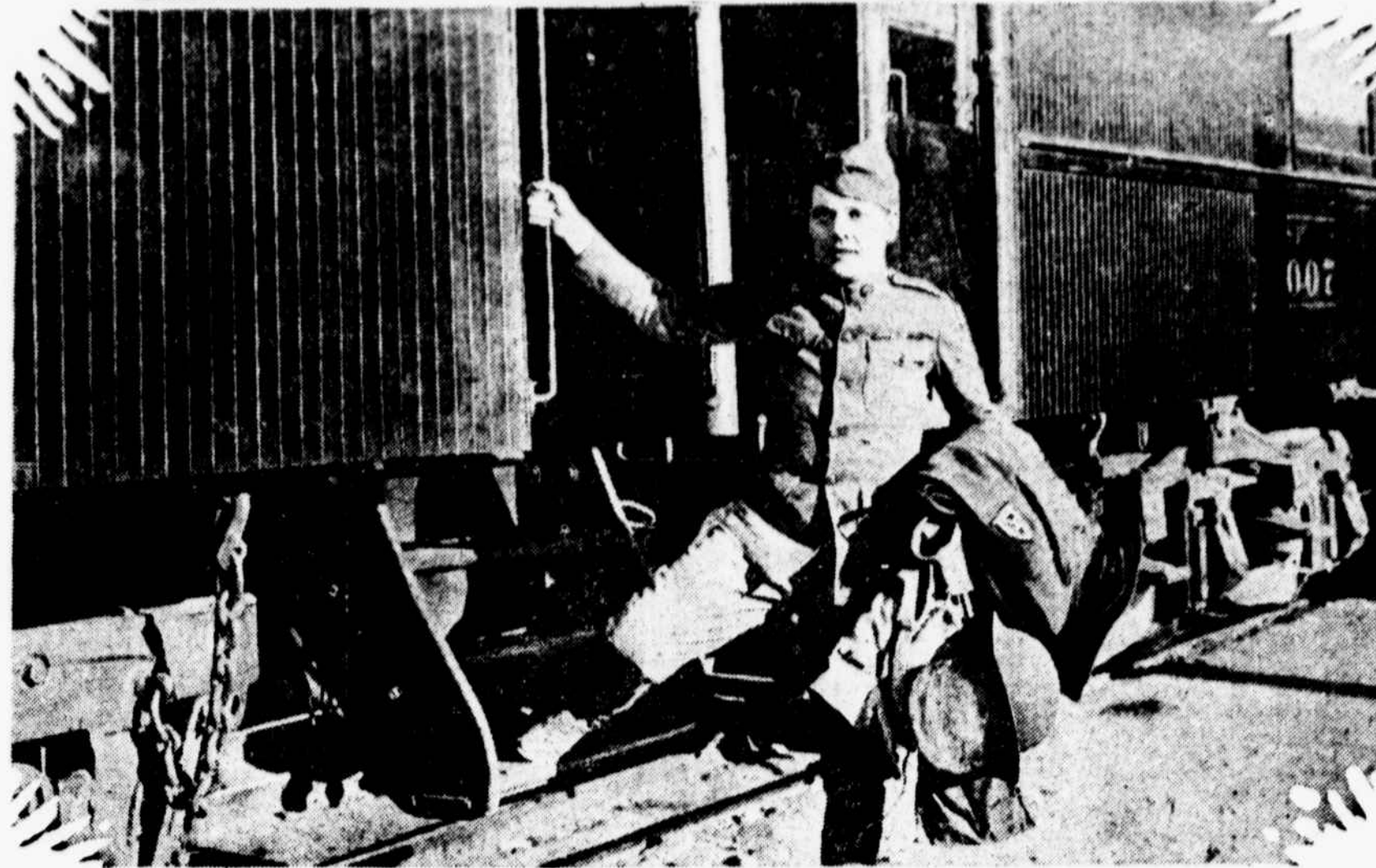
"Sergeant Farrel," that bedeviled individual replied frantically. "I can't do it. You'll have to do it for me!"

"Yes, sir, I understand."

Farrel returned to the battery, bought them to attention, and said:

"The skipper wants to say good-by, men, but he isn't up to the job. He's afraid to tackle it; so he has asked me to wish you light duty, heavy pay, and double rations in civil life. He has asked me to say to you that he loves you all and will not soon forget such soldiers as you have proved yourselves to be."

"Three for the Skipper!" Gave him three and a cheer! somebody pleaded, and the cheers were given with a hearty generosity which even the most disgruntled organization can de-



At Sespe Don Mike left the train for his homeward jaunt through the San Gregorio. Forrest Stanley (as Don Mike) in the motion picture coming to the theaters soon.

velop on the day of demobilization.

The skipper came to the door of the orderly-room.

"Good-by, good luck, and God bless you, lad!" he shouted, and fled with the discharges under his arm, while the battery "counted off," and, in command of Farrel (the lieutenant had already been demobilized), marched to the pay-tables. As they emerged from the paymaster's shack, they scattered singly, in little groups, back to the demobilization shacks. Presently, bearing straw suitcases, "tin" helmets, and gas masks (these latter articles presented to them by a paternal government as souvenirs of their service), they drifted out through the Presidio gate, where the world swallowed them.

Although he had been the first man in the battery to receive his discharge, Farrel was the last man to leave the Presidio.

He waited until the captain, having distributed the discharges, came out of the pay office and repaired again to his deserted orderly-room; whereupon the former first sergeant followed him.

"I hesitate to obtrude, sir," he announced, as he entered the room, "but whether the captain likes it or not, he'll have to say good-by to me. I have attended to everything I can think of, sir; so, unless the captain has some further use for me, I shall be jogging along."

"Farrel," the captain declared, "if I had ever had a doubt as to why I made you top cutter of B battery, that last remark of yours would have dissipated it. Please do not be in a hurry. Sit down and mourn with me for a little while."

"Well, I'll sit down with you, sir, but I'll be haunted if I'll be mournful. I'm too happy in the knowledge that I'm going home."

"Where is your home, sergeant?" "In San Marcos county, in the southern part of the State. After two years of Siberia and four days of this San Francisco fog, I'm fed up on low temperatures, and, by the holy poker, I want to go home. It isn't much of a home, just a quaint, old, crumbling adobe ruin, but it's home, and it's mine. Yes, sir, I going home and sleep in the bed my great-grandfather was born in."

"If I had a bed that old, I'd fumigate it," the captain declared. "Like all regular army officers, he was a very devil of a fellow for sanitation. 'Do you worship your ancestors, Farrel?'"

"Well, come to think of it, I have rather a reverence for the ashes of my fathers and the temples of my gods."

"So have the Chinese. Among Americans, however, I thought all that sort of thing was confined to the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers."

"If I had an ancestor who had been a Pilgrim Father," Farrel declared, "I'd locate his grave and build a garbage-incinerator on it."

"What's your grouch against the Pilgrim Fathers?" "They let their religion get on top of them, and they took all the joy out of life. My Catalonian ancestors, on the other hand, while taking their religion seriously, never permitted it to interfere with a fiesta. They were what might be called 'regular fellows.'"

"Your Catalonian ancestors? Why, I thought you were black Irish, Farrel?"

"The first of my line that I know anything about was a lieutenant in the force that marched overland from Mexico to California under command of Don Gaspar de Portola. Don Gaspar was

accompanied by Fray Junipero Serra. They carried a sword and a cross respectively, and arrived in San Diego on July 1, 1769. So, you see, I'm a real Californian."

"You mean Spanish-Californian?" "Well, hardly in the sense that most people use that term, sir. We have never intermarried with Mexican or Indian, and until my grandfather Farrel arrived at the rancho and refused to go away until my grandmother Noriega went with him, we were pure-bred Spanish blonds. My grandmother had red hair, brown eyes, and a skin as white as an old bleached-linen napkin. Grandfather Farrel is the fellow to whom I am indebted for my saddle-colored complexion."

"Siberia has bleached you considerably. I should say you're an ordinary brunet now."

Farrel removed his overseas cap and ran long fingers through his hair.

"If I had a strain of Indian in me, sir," he explained, "my hair would be straight, thick, coarse, and blue-black. You will observe that it is wavy, a medium crop, of average fineness, and jet black."

The captain laughed at his frankness.

"Very well, Farrel; I'll admit you're clean-strain white. But tell me: How much of you is Latin and how much Farrel?"

It was Farrel's turn to chuckle now.

"Seriously, I cannot answer that question. My grandmother, as I have stated, was pure-bred Castilian or Catalonian, for I suppose they mixed. The original Michael Joseph Farrel (I am the third of the name) was Tipperary Irish, and could trace his ancestry back to the fairies—to hear him tell it. But one can never be quite certain how much Spanish there is in an Irishman from the west, so I have always started with the premise that the result of that marriage—my father—was three-fifths Latin. Father married a Galvez, who was half Scotch, so I suppose I'm an American."

"I should like to see you on

Struggle of the Last of An Ancient California
Line to Save the Family Estate From the
Hands of the Encroaching Japanese.

your native health, Farrel, does your dad still wear a conical crowned sombrero, bell-shaped trousers, bolero jacket, and all that sort of thing?"

"No, sir. The original Mike insisted upon wearing regular trousers and hats. He had all of the prejudices of his race, and regarded folks who did things differently from him as inferior people. He was a lieutenant on a British sloop-of-war that was wrecked on the coast of San Marcos county in the early 'Forties. All hands were drowned, with the exception of my grandfather, who was a very contrary man. He swam ashore and strolled up to the hacienda of the Rancho Palomar, arriving just before luncheon. What with a twenty-mile hike in the sun, he was dry by the time he arrived, and in his uniform, although somewhat bedraggled, he looked gay enough to make a hit with my great-grandfather. Noriega who invited him to luncheon, begged him to stay—a while. Michael Joseph liked the place, so he stayed. You see, there were thousands of horses on the rancho and, like all sailors, he had equestrian ambitions."

"Great snakes! It must have been a sizable place."

"It was. The original Mike can grant was twenty leagues square."

"I take it, then, that the estate has dwindled in size?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. My great-grandfather Noriega, Michael Joseph I, and Michael Joseph II shot craps with it, and let it on horse races, and gave it away for wedding dowries, and in general, did their little best to put the Farrel posterity out in the mesquite with the last of the Mission Indians."

"How much of this principally have you left?"

"I do not know. When I enlisted, we had a hundred thousand acres of the finest valley and rolling grazing land in California, and the hacienda that was built in 1782. But I've been gone two years, and haven't heard (Copyright, 1922, by Peter B. Kyne.) (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)"

NEW YORK CITY Day by Day By O. O. McIntyre

THIS is the story of Mike Goldreyer, a Broadway theater office boy. It may read like the Blurb Direct, but to me it is the most interesting yarn that has come out of the Roaring Forties in a number of years. Mike is a young Jewish boy who took pictures around to newspaper shops for the press agent. He had an appealing manner—rather shy, but underneath a trace of firmness. He wanted to become a theatrical producer. He did take one play out on the road. It was Broadway's worst "flop."

It failed in one night, leaving him with \$11 and seven overcoats of the wardrobe. He came back to his office boy job and peddled pictures again. The other week he produced "The Last Warning," a play that is a smashing hit, perhaps the biggest of the season.

"How he did it is a lesson in art. His first failure was a Broadway laugh. Actors and writers joshed him on all sides. No one would put up money for this dreaming boy. But Sammy Shipman, another East Side boy, was his friend. Shipman was now successful.

Goldreyer took the play to Shipman and asked him to write a note saying the play was a good one. Shipman did, and Goldreyer quit his office boy job and began his fight to raise capital. He assembled his cast, selected the scenery and directed the rehearsals. Several times rehearsals were stopped so Mike could raise more cash.

Between times he went down to the newspaper shops with pictures of his own players—still shy and accepting the good-natured jibes of the newspaper boys. There came the opening night—the critics went out of sympathy and remained to see a bit of Broadway history-making. As the audience roared its approval and passed out into the eldritch gloom, Goldreyer realized that he was no longer an office boy.

They found him two hours later in a darkened corner of the theater. He was a little crumpled and forlorn. The dawn was breaking for him and he was greeting it with honest tears.

"How unfair we are at times to youth and its enthusiasms," Mike Goldreyer seemed to me to be quite an impossible little upstart. I had the same feeling about his theatrical ability that I entertain for the Cherry Sisters. I laughed with the rest of the White Way jokers. And Mike at the end of his play said to me a bit wistfully: "I do hope the play pleased you." I walked out the night heartily ashamed.

tally the pay of captains is astonishingly small for the responsibilities they bear. Very few are paid more than \$5,000 a year.

It may be a sour mood but I seem to grow weary of the blarney in the New York newspapers that men are not finding religion in the churches, where are they finding it? It seems to me to be in all the churches ready for the takers.

Another howl that is being made concerns the Treasury Department sending out disconcerting letters regarding income tax mistakes. I have a letter before me from W. B. Stewart, chief of the section, regarding a discrepancy in my tax report made inadvertently. It is certainly as courteous and respectful as one could expect. Copyright, 1922, by The McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

VALUABLE RECIPES FOR HAM

HERE are some valuable recipes for those housewives who are not familiar with the less expensive cuts of ham, ham butts and shanks:

BAKED HAM WITH VINEGAR SAUCE.

Wash ham shank thoroughly, trim if necessary, and place in baking dish or pot. Mix one-fourth teaspoonful each of cloves, pepper and celery salt and rub this into the meat. Combine one-half cup flour and one-fourth cup water to a paste and spread over meat. Fill pan one-half full of water and add one-eighth cup vinegar, and roast two to three hours. Remove paste and skin and serve on platter with vegetables, beets, sweet potatoes, spinach, cabbage and carrots. Apple sauce made with vinegar or lemon juice makes a delicious addition to the dish.

Vinegar Apple Sauce.

Melt three tablespoons of ham fat in frying pan, add one-eighth teaspoonful curry powder, then three tablespoons flour to make a paste; at same time heat one-and-one-half cups water, one-fourth cup vinegar, one cup grated apple pulp and one-half teaspoonful whole allspice. Combine this with the paste and cook until of creamy consistency. Finely chopped peppers or gherkins may be added.

HAM BAKED WITH MACARONI.

Boil a butt of ham until tender, then remove meat and chop. At same time cook one-half cup macaroni in salted water. To the macaroni add one tablespoonful of chopped onion, one-fourth cup grated cheese, salt and pepper. Mix well and turn into buttered baking dish. Sprinkle top with buttered bread crumbs and bake one-half hour.

WHAT IS LIFE'S GREATEST DESIRE

EDITOR Magazine Page: What does a woman desire most? A woman's desire for attention is above everything else in the world.

Those that are fortunate to be beauties get attention much easier than those who are only fair looking.

Therefore, women look their best because beauty gets attention first. But a woman doesn't have to be a beauty to get the most attention. She gets her attention in the most natural and easiest way. Every woman knows what are her best points, and emphasizes them. She might have beautiful hair, pretty eyes, a dimple, a laughing smile, white teeth, natural complexion, good figure, pretty hands, nice shoulders, or any one of a dozen other notable features. Every woman has at least one personal charm.

On the other hand, you will see charming and beautiful women doing things to attract attention just like women without one point of beauty. These women go in for charity and community work, politics, athletics, business, music, art.

It is attention every woman craves, and she will get it some way. That's what makes them seek it. The most difficult thing to do is to figure out what kind of attention is desired and how and when to give it.

SALESMAN. What do YOU think. Write the Feature Page Editor your views.

THINGS NOT FOUND IN TEXT-BOOKS

The original Gretna Green is a small village in Scotland, less than a mile from the border which separates England and Scotland. It was famous as a marrying place for eloping couples. There was formerly a Gretna Green in Kentucky where couples were united in matrimony in defiance of parental wishes.

The first passage through the Panama Canal was made by the self-propelled steamer "Alex la Valley," on January 7, 1914. This steamer was one of the vessels used in the construction of the Canal. Commercial traffic was inaugurated soon afterward with the passage of the steamer "Ancon," an American passenger ship.

The North American wild pigeons which used to be so numerous that the weight of them broke the trees of the forests where they roosted, are now extinct. They were such easy prey to the hunter and so attractive from a food standpoint that they have been entirely exterminated.

Latest Word From Paris By Marie Suzanne (Copyright, 1922.)

PARIS, France. CHALLAINE is one of the very smart American fabrics. It lends itself particularly well to draping and is shown to charming advantage in a three-piece costume designed by Hosiery of Marshall Field Annex. The model is all in black, trimmed with lynx fur.

THE figure at the left shows this tallie with coat removed. The bodice is of black satin crepe, round necked and with long slit sleeve, and is appliqued with a decorative figured silk.



BOOMERANG THROWING IN AUSTRALIA

THIS sport is peculiar to the Australian aboriginal, the boomerang being a thing of their own invention, and being in a way the most remarkable weapon in the world. I have seen an Australian aboriginal stand in the street of a city, throw his boomerang right around a substantial modern building, and have it returned to his hand without moving from the spot. Needless to say, boomerang-throwing is seldom seen in the large centers of population; but in the country districts it is indulged in not only by blacks, but by white people, who find it a most fascinating game of skill.

VIRGINIA LEE ON PROBLEMS OF LIFE

In order to assist the many readers who write to the Herald asking advice on matters of love and relations between men and women, the Herald has received the assurance of Virginia Lee that she will help them solve their problems. All questions should be addressed to her in care of this paper.

DEAR VIRGINIA LEE:

I AM a girl of nineteen and have had but one real sweetheart in my life, a man of twenty-six. I have sometimes thought I would like to go about with other men to see if I really did love this man, but he has always managed to prevent me doing so, until we have become engaged and the wedding is but a month off.

Now I have found out that he has lied to me about his age and is really thirty-six instead of twenty-six. This seems terribly old to me. I guess it explains why he has not more of a desire to do the things I like to do, and is so serious-minded.

I don't want an over-serious life, with no youthful fun. Yet I believe I do love this man very much. Only I wonder if his lying to me about his age would mean he would tell me other lies about other things after we were married.

Sometimes I find myself longing for a chance to have another romance, so I could really put this one to the test.

RESTLESS MAE.

When a girl is really in love, she does not "believe" she loves, she knows. You do not really love your fiancé, and you are trying to find an excuse for your feelings in the age prevarication.

The difference in age is not of so much importance as the difference in temperament. I do not think you should marry yet.

You are young and should satisfy your desire for other friends at least a year, when you will know for certain whether or not you really wish to make this man your husband.

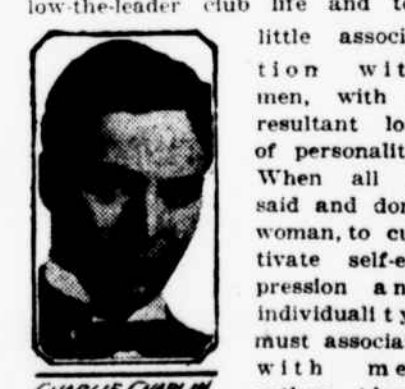
VIRGINIA LEE.

Greatest Single Fact.

OPINIONS would differ, of course, but a toastmaster at a diplomatic dinner in London, just before the war, asked this question. The French Ambassador responded by saying that the greatest single fact in the world was the fact that there existed a single, homogeneous people a hundred million strong, all speaking the same language. No other diplomat was able to produce a single fact that seemed equal to this one.

WHAT THEY SAY America and Mothers

CHARLIE CHAPLIN—"American women have little individuality because of too much follow-the-leader club life and too little association with men, with a resultant loss of personality. When all is said and done, woman, to cultivate self-expression and individuality, must associate with men rather than women. European women are bored to death without men in their clubs, in fact, they go in very little for club life at all unless men also are included among the members. American women should play more in the real sense of the word and thus develop their personalities. There's a real lack of personality among American women, as I see it. But American girls are much more beautiful, both in their features and in their figures than the English or French."



CHARLIE CHAPLIN

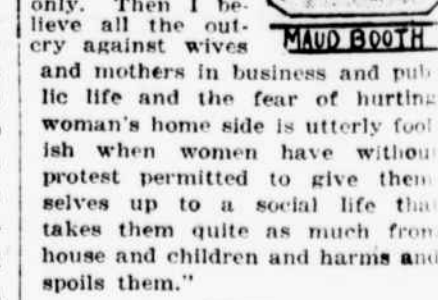
MISS BESSIE BEATTY, Writer and Lecturer—"Revolution is an exceedingly painful way to make progress, but there are times in human history when nations become so sick that revolution is the only cure. A young woman in Moscow, a member of the wealthy bourgeoisie, who had formerly had much but was reduced to very little, pointed out that less than very succinctly to me: 'Before the revolution we were laid like the various strata of the earth's crust in Russia, layer upon layer, and the classes at the bottom were unable to move because of the great weight upon them. Now we are all stirred up like rice in a bowl, and no one knows where he or she stands. It is unpleasant; but it is better than before.'"



MISS BESSIE BEATTY

MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH of the Volunteers of America—

am most strongly of the opinion that a woman can be a good and successful mother and yet follow her profession or career. I have been in public life since I was seventeen, but I believe it has made me a better mother, wife, and homemaker than would the narrower life that limits to household duties only. Then I believe all the outcry against wives and mothers in business and public life and the fear of hurting women's home side is utterly foolish when women have without protest permitted to give themselves up to a social life that takes them quite as much from house and children and harms and spoils them."



MAUD BOOTH

CHARLES R. FLINT, multi-millionaire "father of the trusts"—

"I do not think a college education is absolutely necessary to a successful business career. By this statement I do not mean to underrate college training, which is of so great benefit. It is always to be secured if possible, but I think the lack of it does not shut the doors to achievement. I believe a college education, the mental training it involves, will in the future be of greater importance to the business man than it has in the past."



CHARS FLINT

Today at Luncheon you may decide to try a dish of "Cold Cuts"—chicken, beef, ham, tongue, etc. The only seasoning you really need is a few drops of

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE